Sleep for Twelve Hours, Dream About Home

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/41054958.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Rape/Non-Con
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Abigail Hobbs
Additional Tags:	comatose will, Medical Kink, Medical Procedures, Pregnancy, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Omega Will Graham, Omega Will, Alpha Hannibal Lecter, Pregnant Will, Alpha Abigail Hobbs, s2 divergence, Masturbation, Artifical insemination, Unreliable Narrator, Horror, Frottage, Attempted Murder, fucked up family dynamics, Breast Fucking, Dead Dove: Do Not Eat, Lactation, Male Lactation, Cervix Penetration
Language:	English
Series:	Part 10 of the nsfw stuff, Part 5 of trade fics
Stats:	Published: 2022-08-15 Completed: 2022-08-17 Words: 5,739 Chapters: 2/2

Sleep for Twelve Hours, Dream About Home

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Summary

Hannibal, Abigail, and Will run away and start a new family in Italy.

Inez nodded, “Dr. Fell dotes on his mate constantly.”

Estelle shook her hands excitedly, “It’s so sweet the way he calls his mate ‘his beloved’.”

“Although,” Inez stared down her companion, “I do find it odd, the way he dresses up and displays his comatose omega at dinner parties.”

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1

“He is so charming, isn’t he,” Estelle said, dunking an amaretti into her espresso and taking a bite, “and such a good chef!”

Estelle and Inez got together every Saturday morning for coffee and gossip. Today’s topic had also been last week’s topic, and the week prior to that. The women had only wanted to talk about their new neighbors, the Fell family, ever since they moved to the small Italian town.

“Certainly,” Inez replied, “his last dinner party was the best I’ve ever been to.”

“And the Fell girl, what’s her name, is so nice. Such a good child.”

“It’s Ismene, but she goes by Izzy– something I think her father hates. It is so kind of her to skip a year of college to care for her other dad. And do you see them play out on their property? I always see Izzy chasing and tackling her dad, just like how my alpha plays with our pups.”

Estelle bent over, aggressively shaking her head, her flare for dramatics showing, “They’re so nice, it is *such* a tragedy what happened to the Fells!”

There was no better topic for gossip than tragedy, and the Fells were rife with it.

“Poor Mr. Fell, having that kind of an accident right after he got pregnant,” Inez said, raising her eyebrows to emphasize the point.

“It’s a little like something out of a soap,” Estelle quipped, “Dr. Fell is such a good husband, caring for his poor mate like that. It’s a good thing Mr. Fell mated a doctor who can care for him.”

Inez nodded, “Dr. Fell dotes on his mate constantly.”

Estelle shook her hands excitedly, “It’s so sweet the way he calls his omega ‘his beloved’.”

“Although,” Inez stared down her companion, “I do find it odd, the way he dresses up and displays his comatose mate at dinner parties.”

“Ismene.”

Abigail startled, shaking her head and turning away from the window to see Hannibal enter the room.

“Ha– Roma– dad?” she stuttered.

The sides of Hannibal's mouth curled upwards while the rest of his face stayed still. "I will be going out to the market today. You understand what I need you to do while I am out?"

Abigail nodded. The market was almost a three hour drive each way, and Hannibal was likely to spend five or more hours there. The house Hannibal picked out was miles away from civilization, surrounded only by a handful of villas.

Hannibal had invited their neighbors over multiple times, but none of them spoke any English. Abigail was able to muddle through a meager conversation or two with the little Italian she knew.

"List your chores."

"I will need to wipe down the counters, dust the cabinets, feed the dogs, check on his ventilator, and replace his IV bag at three p.m."

Hannibal stared at her.

"Check… dad's ventilator and replace dad's IV bag," she corrected.

"Correct. There is lunch in the fridge," Hannibal said, turning and shutting the door to Abigail's room behind him.

Abigail waited until she heard Hannibal's car start up and leave the driveway before she started her chores. She fed the dogs first, all seven of them scampering in and out of the open front door. Hannibal left it open, likely to enjoy the breeze.

She did all the cleaning within an hour, then walked upstairs. She paused outside *his* room, the hum of machines emanating from the solid wooden door. The dogs had followed her, always starving for the scent of their master, but she shooed them away before entering.

His room gave her a feeling reminiscent of her first dad's hunting cabin back in Minnesota. It filled her with a strange sense of calm.

It was a large room, with massive windows on one wall. The room had been emptied out to make space for a large, nesting bed with a canopy. Silk, hung from the ceiling, encircling the nest, only broken by tubes and wires emanating from the bed.

Abigail brushed open the sheet, revealing Will Graham, or as Hannibal had renamed him, Eleni Fell. He was nearly as pale as the pearly white bedding he slept on, the only color in the room coming from Will's shock of dark hair, the red of his lips and tip of his nose, and the bright blue of the ventilator tube. He smelled sweet, like fresh baked bread, petrichor, and warm milk; he smelled like love, like home, not her home, but the one she wished she'd had.

She held Will's jaw, making sure the tube was still in position and pumping air into his lungs. Abigail turned his face, thinking about how they got there.

Hannibal had called her at four a.m. one morning, waking her up. She'd jumped, then grabbed her phone, answering on the third ring. Hannibal told her to pack the essentials, and be ready to leave in an hour. He didn't say where or why, but she knew the tone in his voice and knew not to argue.

At five on the dot, a car rolled up to the cliff-side home. When Abigail opened the shotgun door, she saw Will, slumped and buckled in, unconscious.

Hannibal watched her, "Please sit in the back."

Abigail nodded, then gently closed the car door. She got in the back, behind Will, her bag sitting on her lap. She used it to hide from Hannibal's gaze.

"He asked me to take care of him," Hannibal said as he started to drive.

Rain pounded the roof of the car, a beige station wagon, completely like what Hannibal would normally drive.

"He discovered he was pregnant and was terrified. He did not understand what to do, so he came to me."

Abigail said nothing.

"He's just an omega," Hannibal continued, "He needed me to put things right."

She'd never heard that flavor of anti-omega sexism from Hannibal. Abigail wondered if it was genuine, or fluff he was spinning for her.

"We will be going to Italy. You are my daughter, Ismene Fell, I am your father, Roman Fell, and he," Hannibal gestured to the omega next to him, "is your other father, Eleni Fell. Eleni and I have been married for two years, he adopted you three years ago after meeting you through social work."

"Social work?"

"Eleni used to run an orphanage for troubled pups, where he met you. He had to leave the job after his injury a year ago. He hit his head and now struggles with occasional memory loss, empty headedness, headaches, and occasional seizures," Hannibal glanced at Abigail, "You are a model daughter, helping your beloved father with his injury. You were abandoned by your biological parents at a young age, resulting in a powerful rebellious streak. You committed multiple small-time crimes such as theft and vandalism before ending up under Eleni's care. You initially thought he'd be a pushover, much like your previous caretakers, but, you found he's made of steel.

She nodded, allowing the downpour of rain to answer for her.

From there, it was an eight hour jet ride and three in the car. They arrived at a fully furnished, little home in the Italian countryside. Will hadn't stirred the entire time.

Hannibal had carried the omega in and up to the master bedroom, laying him down. He took off his jacket and his button down shirt and headed into the empty nest room. Hannibal rested in the bed, rubbing the scent glands in his neck and jaw on the bounty of pillows and blankets.

He stood up, his normally perfect hair a ruffled mess, “Scent mark the nest as well. Will takes comfort in you.”

“Wasn’t it Eleni?”

“He is Eleni to others, but between us, he’s Will.”

Abigail nodded, then hesitantly picked up a pillow and moved it along her jaw. It was soft, with a thread count that must have been in the millions. She became entranced with the task, the repetitive motion exciting buried instincts.

She ended up sprawled like a starfish in the nest, a huffy, alpha purr rumbling between her ribs. Abigail looked up to see Hannibal, hair mused, content smile on his face, and ached for what could have been. He could have been a good father, had things been differently. He could have been guiding, protective yet willing to let pups learn on their own. He could have been kind, yet firm when necessary.

Hannibal had worn the same smile when he held her neck closed, after her first father had slashed it.

He gathered up Will, placed him in the nest, then shooed Abigail out so he could set up the medical equipment.

Abigail never asked why Will was comatose, she knew better.

Everyday, Hannibal gave Abigail a list of chores, including looking after Will with him. She’d originally found them irritating, but now found them useful. They were the only way she was able to occupy her time.

She blinked into awareness, Will’s soft breath warming the inside of her wrist.

Abigail fluffed his pillow then set his head back down.

She walked to the ventilator and noticed that the cord plugging it into the wall was halfway out. The air in her lungs turned to ice.

She stepped on the cord, tugging it a centimeter out of the wall. The whirling machine went silent.

Hannibal would be gone for hours and it would take ten minutes or less for Will to suffocate.

She could run. The door was unlocked, she could make it to another villa, and steal a car. Once, weeks ago, at a neighbors house, she’d stolen a phone for a moment and looked up Will’s name. The FBI was hunting for him. Several articles mentioned Hannibal’s

disappearance at the same time. She could drive to a police office, contact interpol, and confess everything.

She'd go to prison, but she'd never see Hannibal again. It was the right thing to do. She *knew* it was the right thing to do.

She could end it now. Even if she wasn't motivated by what was 'right', it could be revenge. Kill Will and destroy Hannibal's family like he destroyed hers.

The heart rate monitor stuttered, a single beat slower than normal.

But it would leave her empty. She'd have nothing but the shattered fragments of families.

She remembered, back in Minnesota, when she'd found the number to an anonymous tip line. She'd scribbled the number down onto a sticky note. She had a phone and she was home alone. It would have been easy.

She'd gotten a lighter from the junk drawer and burned it.

A gurgling noise emanated from the omega's throat.

Her mother had always been distant, something that led Abigail to cling to her father's affection. This, in turn, only pushed her mother farther away. Abigail knew that the obsessive love her old father gave to her was the same kind he gave to her mother before Abigail. Whether it was jealousy or a lack of real connection, that caused her mother's distance, she didn't know.

But she knew she needed a mother's love. She yearned to be cared for in that soft, kind way. Abigail remembered sneaking into her first grade classroom during recess and destroying the other kids' handmade mother's day cards. She hated them for having what she didn't.

Will was soft, he was kind, and most of all, he was malleable. He wanted so badly to be a presence in her life, tripping over his own feet to try to support her. While Abigail wanted a father-figure, she hungered for a mother. Will could be what she thirsted for.

Abigail plugged the ventilator in.

She crawled into the nest, sitting next to the comatose omega. His chest rose and fell, the blanket resting over the prominent curve of his five-month pregnant belly.

Abigail curled next to Will, seeking warmth in the cold house. She moved one thin, limp arm around her back.

A bassy, slow purr filled the room. Abigail knew purrs were instinctive, Will was still deep asleep. Yet, she rubbed her face into Will's growing chest, seeking the scent of warmth, of love, of *family*.

They could be a family, she could have a family, so long as Will stayed.

Abigail dreamed of the life she wanted. She'd come home from school each day to the scent of milk and sunshine. She'd open the door to see her omegan father, dressed like a proper housewife, holding her baby sibling and making dinner.

He'd be so excited to see her that he'd drop whatever he was doing to greet her. Abigail could imagine having to frequently remind him that he had food cooking on the stove. She could imagine rolling her eyes with Hannibal about how empty headed omegas could be.

Will would coo over her, pet her head, and ask her all about her day no matter how boring it was. He'd care for her little sibling, but they'd all know Will liked her best.

He'd hold her, his arms pillowy and embrace warm. The perfect thing to combat the coldness of the world.

She wanted it so badly her teeth ached. She'd do anything for that domestic life, anything to be Will's favorite, anything to have that love. If it took bloodshed, so be it. She'd taken down alphas bigger than her before, she'd do it again.

Abigail laid at her father's side until her three p.m. alarm went off, waking her from half-sleep.

She reluctantly stood up, shaking herself loose from the comfort.

Abigail plucked the correctly labeled bag out of the mini-fridge. She removed the old bag and turned the new one upside down. She pierced the new bag, twisting it tight, then secured it to the pole.

She walked to the bathroom and picked up a hairbrush. It was solid gold, with soft bristles. Its back, an elaborate molding.

Abigail pulled herself into the nest and carefully adjusted Will so he laid in her lap. His hair had grown during his coma. Now, the long curls brushed his shoulders.

She began to run the brush through the shiny hair, parting it into sections. The brush separated each strand, loosening any knots.

It reminded her of playing with dolls when she was younger. Porcelain skin and dark, thick hair.

She'd had one doll she'd loved more than anything. Her mother had tried to take it, to get it cleaned. Abigail had smashed and destroyed every other doll she'd had until she got her favorite back.

Abigail was once again reminded how easy it would be to destroy Will. She could smash his skull, snap his neck, in minutes. She could cover the floor in omega guts like she covered the floor of her old home in porcelain shards.

She was an alpha, and could likely overpower Will even if he was awake.

Yet she loved her doll and she could easily love Will. He was a good father, eager to care for her when he was awake. He'd bought her clothes and attempted to take her fishing, although she didn't see the appeal of it.

Once the baby came, and Will woke up, he'd be busy. Her fist tightened in the long locks. She wouldn't let him be too busy for her.

Hannibal returned as dusk began to creep through the windows.

Abigail left Will's side only when Hannibal called her down to put groceries away.

They worked in silence, methodically putting away vegetables, spices, and fresh pastas. Once they finished, Hannibal threw out the last paper bag, and stared at Abigail for a beat too long, kitchen knife in hand.

He whirled on her, blade flashing. She jerked out of the way, the knife burying itself in the counter. Hannibal tugged the blade, finding it would be difficult to remove, then left it. He sprinted out of the kitchen, throwing himself over the couch, and busting down the front door. Abigail followed, close behind.

Her muscles burned as she ran out to the front yard, her eyes quickly adjusting to the darkness. She saw movement by the treeline and ran.

Hannibal had made it into the forest, the cover making it even harder for Abigail to track him. She followed, right until the other alpha paused for a second, deciding which way to go.

Abigail pounced, digging her knee into the small of his back and wrapping her arm around his throat. Hannibal bucked and snarled, pushing himself up and slamming her into a tree so hard her teeth rattled. She pressed down on the nap of his neck and the back of his right ear, exactly where omega pressure points would be.

Hannibal went still, belly flat to the forest ground, "Good job. You were thirteen seconds faster than last time. You made a smart choice ignoring the knife. If you injure my mate more than absolutely necessary during any escape attempts, you will regret it."

Abigail nodded, then got off the taller alpha. They walked back to the villa in silence.

Hannibal made them a quick meal as moonlight filtered into the windows. Spaghetti, with tomato sauce he'd bought and sausage he and Abigail had made several days ago.

They ate at a small table with just two seats. The stars were just beginning to peak out. Abigail remembered when they first moved in, Hannibal had told her that the large dinner table was saved for parties until Will woke up. Until they could share meals with the omega, they ate at a wooden table in the kitchen, next to a window.

"You'll need me once the baby comes," Abigail announced.

Hannibal looked at her, a single pale brow rising a hair.

“To make sure dad doesn’t run,” she continued.

Hannibal inclined his head, agreeing.

“Once he settles down you’ll still need me.”

“How so?”

The bite of food froze in Abigail’s throat. Confirmation of her worst fears fell from Hannibal’s lips.

“To-to watch the baby, so you and dad have time for date nights–and dad would want me around.”

The right edge of Hannibal’s lip twitched, “I suppose he would. My beloved is rather fond of strays.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Abigail woke up a little late one morning, heading downstairs for coffee an hour later then she normally did.

She stumbled down the stairs, yawning, to see Will, sprawled out on the dining room table, barely covered by a sheet. He was cradling a deer skull above his massive, pregnant stomach, and was surrounded by flowers and sliced pomegranates. In the eight months of his pregnancy, milk had started to leak from his overfilled breast. Seeds, like drops of blood, scattered next to his prone face. The ventilator, catheter, and IV tubes were woven between the fruit, guiding the eye up and down the omega's body.

Hannibal stood across from him, recreating his pregnant husband in oil paints. He swirled cadmium red, cinnabar green, and a touch of burnt sienna to create the core shadow on several seeds.

"Good morning," Hannibal said, "breakfast is on the counter."

Abigail picked up her plate and cut into the fried eggs.

"Why did you never mate with dad?"

"I will mate with him, once he wakes up and asks me to do so."

Abigail considered asking what Hannibal would do if dad didn't ask him to mate, but decided against it.

"I've decided to have a dinner party tonight with our neighbors from the three nearest villas. Please be ready at eight forty-five, our guests arrive at nine. I will tend to Will myself today, and I request you assure that the house will be ready for company."

Hannibal brushed back the curtains that kept the sun off his beloved and felt his insides turn to mush. His beloved was so beautiful, so perfect. His visage made Hannibal erupt with love.

The alpha had known love before, but it had been muffled. His affection for Misha was a memory of a memory, gone hazy. She was an old god to Hannibal, he worshiped her like he worshiped a Greek god.

Will was an idol, a receptacle for obsessive, all consuming love. Warm obsession and affection. Will made Hannibal's chest swell and rupture with feeling. Hannibal wanted all of Will, wanted to open up his own chest and place Will inside, keeping Will with him forever.

Hannibal had tried to send Will away when he framed the omega for murder. Yet, the second Will was out of his sight, he felt that a part of him had been destroyed. He felt like a stranger in his own skin.

When Will was released, Hannibal had expected to be thanked, to be praised. Hannibal had done everything right. He'd freed Will from prison and isolated Will from the human insects who came between them. Will should have fallen to his knees, praising Hannibal for creating a world just for them.

Instead, Will had been furious. He'd nearly shot Hannibal. The alpha would have been offended if he was not captivated by Will's mere attention. Hannibal salivated at Will's anger, the omega's presence, everything he wanted and more.

It didn't matter to Hannibal if Will loved him back, as long as Will was looking at him.

When Will came to Hannibal, playing sweet, his hair brushed back and clothes ironed, Hannibal knew something was wrong. Will, furious, righteous Will would never give in so easily. It unsettled the alpha. Hannibal realized what Will was planning when he smelled Lounds on the omega's back.

Will was planning to betray him.

Hannibal would have been enchanted, if the culmination of Will's plan was attempted murder or mutilation. Instead, Will was planning on locking Hannibal away and forgetting about him.

Unacceptable.

Hannibal realized that as much as he loved Will's anger, it wasn't tenable. He couldn't ratchet Will up and have him stay. He needed to be kinder, to give Will what he wanted. Hannibal would catch more omegas with sugar than vinegar.

Besides, Will was practically made of sugar. He was ripe; his fertility entrancing.

Their relationship had turned sexual and while Hannibal savored the intimacy, he found it distasteful that Will was keeping up a ruse. Hannibal refused to penetrate Will until Will really wanted him. He'd do no such thing under false pretenses. He masturbated Will, rubbed circles over his closed hole, pleasured him in every other way, but no matter how the omega's hole weeped, Hannibal did not enter it.

Will confessed to him, late at night, still shining with sweat after one of their dalliances that he'd considered artificial insemination to have a child.

Will wanted a family. Hannibal would give him a family. Will would have a doting husband, his full pack of dogs, and two perfect children, an older, alpha daughter he was already attached to and a pup to care for and raise on his own.

Hannibal had little affection for Abigail, but could admit when she was useful. Will had a pre-packaged connection to her and it would draw in Will, keep him inside the house while

he adjusted. He'd planned to dispose of Abigail once she was no longer needed, but she'd made several convincing arguments to her usefulness.

Hannibal smiled, thinking of all he'd done for his omega. Some alphas thought courting consisted of giving petty gifts like CDs or chocolate, but Hannibal knew a proper alpha should provide everything for their chosen omega. He'd bought the perfect house, arranged the perfect life, and used a modified, sterilized turkey baster to create the perfect child.

Before Hannibal had relocated them, during one of their trysts, Hannibal's condom had burst and cum had splatted over Will's needy hole. The omega had panicked, worried that some sperm may have gotten inside of him. Insemination without penetration was rare, but not impossible, especially with an omega in pre-heat, just like Will was.

Artificial insemination may not have even been necessary, but Hannibal always dotted his 'i's and crossed his 't's. When it was something this important, it was good to be certain.

Hannibal had filled a reservoir with his own seed, collecting when he was nearing rut so it would be the most potent.

He'd laid Will out, spreading prone legs. He lifted the omega's hips, setting the limp body in a mock-up of a mating position. Hannibal held the metal end of the speculum in his hands, warming it, so the shock wouldn't be unpleasant. He drizzled lube across his speculum and inserted the metal. Hannibal ratched open Will's hole, pausing to peer into the omega's depths. He stretched one finger, petting the satin-like insides. Will had confessed to Hannibal that he'd never been fucked before, that he intended to save it until he mated. Hannibal could have fallen to his knees, praising the backwards, conservative sex-ed Will had grown up with for keeping his beloved virginal.

Hannibal loved the idea that he'd be the one to take Will's virginity, to be the only knot he ever feels, and that Will would be a pregnant virgin, pure and sweet as Mary. He fantasized often, in the dead of night, about awaking Will during the last moments of labor, removing their child from his womb, and slipping into the omega's open hole. Pressing their baby into Will's arms as he sunk his teeth into Will's neck.

The alpha had entertained the same fantasy while inserting the turkey baster's plastic tube into Will. He pushed until he met resistance, the end of the tool bumping into Will's cervix. He wiggled it, twisting until it breached his omega's perfect womb. He squeezed the rubber bulb and watched as his cum filled Will. Hannibal placed a hand on Will's stomach, fingers grazing his hip bones, feeling as Will's womb distended from the sheer amount of cum placed inside.

Hannibal smiled as he remembered it. He'd been overjoyed once his seed had taken. He'd saved the positive pregnancy test, the first one he'd used on Will once they'd settled in Italy.

Hannibal loved his omega. He picked up a milk pump and pressed it to Will's left nipple. He squeezed the trigger, creating enough suction to draw out milk. Hannibal continued to pump, gently pressing two fingers down on the overfilled flesh. A mechanical pump may have been easier, but Hannibal loved the personal touch of the manual pump.

The alpha filled the bottle with milk from both of Will's teats, then unscrewed it. He sipped it, swallowing mouthful after mouthful until he'd consumed all of it. Hannibal licked his lips, savoring the sweetness and the richness. He made a mental note to source pregnancy hormones for Will even after he had their baby. He'd love for Will to lactate permanently so Hannibal could always enjoy the flavorful milk

He ran his hands down Will's shoulders, cupping the omega's slight chest. Male omegas only grew breast tissue during pregnancy and normally only grew up to an A-cup. On Will, one could have assumed he was a beta man with particularly large pecs. Hannibal squeezed them together and unzipped his slacks. He shifted onto the nest, bracketing Will's chest with his legs. His hands rested above Will's head. Hannibal pulled his cock out, growing to full hardness with a single pump. He dragged his cock head across Will's chest before rolling his hips down.

He drew in a heavy, hot breath as warmth touched his hard, dripping cock. Hannibal moved back and forth, rotating his hips. Pre-cum pooled in Will's clavicle.

He ground against Will's chest, thrusting against the flesh. He used the meat of his palm to press his cock down. Heat shot up Hannibal's spine.

Hannibal watched Will's lips, then moved his cock to touch them. He slipped the head inside, and had to clench the base to keep from cumming. Will looked perfect with a cock in his mouth. His dick bumped against the ventilator tube and he pulled out.

The alpha's cum shot across Will's body, drizzling over his chest and neck.

Hannibal smiled down at Will's cum-soaked skin. He gathered seed onto his fingers and smeared it across Will's plump lips, allowing a few drops to drip where the omega's mouth was held open by the ventilator tube.

He left to fill a bowl with lukewarm water and several towels. Sponge bathing Will was one of Hannibal's favorite parts of the day. It was time to educate himself about his beloved's body, his physical form. Soon, he would know Will's mind as intimately as he knew his body.

Hannibal started by dipping a cloth in water and wiping down Will's face. He stroked closed eyelids, removing any gathered sleep dust. Hannibal focused on the t-zone of Will's face, using a soapy cloth to make sure to clean off facial oils. He pulled a second cloth to wash away the soap.

He laid out two towels then moved Will's body onto them. Normally, when giving a sponge bath, a doctor or nurse would cover the parts of the patient's body not being washed, but Hannibal left all of Will bare. There was no need for petty things like modesty to come between Hannibal and his appreciation for his muse.

Hannibal peeled off the compression socks that encased Will's legs. He would have preferred that Will laid completely nude, but he would not put his beloved at risk of stroke.

He gently scrubbed Will's limbs, liberating omegan skin from sweat. Will was not dirty, Hannibal spent significant time making sure no filth touched his beloved. He dusted,

vacuumed, and wiped down Will's room daily. He made sure both Abigail and himself cleaned themselves before entering.

Hannibal also kept UV blocking curtains around Will, unwilling to let the damaging sun so much as brush his omega's skin.

He moved the washcloth in small circles across Will's chest, picking up cum and drops of milk. His darling beloved had already started to leak again. He reached forward and trailed his tongue up the supple flesh, sucking lightly from Will's nipple.

Hannibal flipped Will onto his side with his wide hands. He washed Will's back, then moved down. He propped one of Will's legs on his shoulder and rinsed between Will's ass cheeks. He wiped away the little slick that had escaped Will's hole.

The alpha worked on Will's cock last. He cradled the omega's balls, drawing the skin tight to clean every inch. Hannibal loved his darling's useless cock. It was beautiful, arching and graceful, slightly larger than the beta-male average and massive for an omega. The artful curve of it was only exaggerated by the catheter tube inserted into it. A gorgeous vein wrapped down the length, causing Hannibal to salivate with the desire to trail his tongue along it. He thought it was a joke from the universe, giving such a large, potent cock to an omega who needed to be nothing more than a warm hole for his alpha. Nonetheless, Hannibal had affection for aesthetics, functionality be damned, and had elected to keep it instead of having it removed. While he did find appeal in castrated omegas, he wanted to play with Will's cock when he was conscious before deciding if it would stay or go. Hannibal considered getting it pierced, placing a little bell at the end of it, so it could ring and bob as Hannibal fucked him.

Once Will was washed and dried, and the alpha had placed his compression socks back on, Hannibal went to his closet and pulled out a silky, flowy button up shirt and a pair of loose dress pants.

He pulled Will's arms through the shirt sleeves and buttoned up the front, making sure his IV tube twisted through the sleeve. He deflated the catheter balloon and removed it from the omega's bladder. He slipped Will's bare feet into a thin, adult diaper. It would do no good for Will to accidentally wet himself in the middle of dinner. Hannibal pulled tailored dress pants over Will's legs and swaddled crotch. The pants had been made to disguise any bumps or lumps from the protective diaper below them.

Hannibal considered leaving Will's gorgeous, swan-like neck bare, but had no desire to advertise Will's unmated status. He looped a tie under the collar and tied it, letting it rest above Will's clavicle. He then slipped a matching suit jacket over Will's arms, then smoothed out the fabric.

Lastly, Hannibal came to one of his favorite parts of dressing Will, jewelry. He looped strings of pearls and chains with hanging diamond pendants around Will's neck. He nested a sparkling chain in Will's curls so a glittering sapphire would rest between Will's eyebrows. The gem would be dull in comparison to Will's eyes, but it would do while his lids remained closed. Hannibal pulled rings onto Will's fingers and silver cuffs onto his wrists. He picked up a pair of dangling earrings and slipped them into Will's ears. He'd pierced Will's ears

before his first dinner party, eager to accessorize his omega and show off his own wealth and willingness to provide.

Hannibal called Abigail upstairs, unhooked Will's IV bag, and removed the heart monitor. She entered the room as Hannibal placed the bag into Will's lap and picked the omega up. "Please carry the ventilator down," he instructed.

The two alphas brought Will downstairs, treating him like a prince. They sat him in a cushioned, wooden chair, next to Hannibal's, at the head of the table. Abigail ran and grabbed the IV pole once she set the ventilator down. Hannibal attached the IV bag, smiling.

"Enjoy your meal as we dine, beloved."

Hannibal took in Abigail, then complemented her well-cut blouse and trousers. She beamed under the attention.

Hannibal and Abigail busied themselves preparing an elaborate meal, setting the last dish on the table seconds before the doorbell rang.

Abigail left to greet their guests. Before, Hannibal would have insisted on it, but now, he was unwilling to be parted from his omega's side.

The guests filed in, already gleeful and boisterous. Hannibal poured them wine and served the first course.

As everyone took bites of their meal, conversation turned to discussion of the Fell family.

Estelle giggled as she asked, "Tell me, Dr. Fell, what was it like to meet your husband?"

Hannibal leaned to his side, pressing his lips to Will's, warm flesh contrasting the cool, plastic ventilator tube, "It was love at first sight."

Chapter End Notes

ehehehehehehe this fic got progressivly deader dove as i worked on it. anyway! i hope yall enjoyed it!

thank you all for every comment and kudos!

beta read by the wonderful theo!

ALSO!!! soon seb/dearbites is gonna be doing a cover for this fic and im SO excited!! yall should keep ur eyes out for that

End Notes

!!!:-DD this fic is a gift for my dear friend, seb. they had this WONDERFUL idea for a fic and i had to write it!

fic title from jeff davis county blues!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!